among the others, as I fear I did last year, like a newspaper dropped on a wood fire?

With all this in view, I intend to spend this summer with the family, and also next winter, unless I have some much more desirable position than this one offered me. I am quite certain that I shall be able to get on very nicely with them this time.

I have a kind of presentiment that I have not been able to convince you. You never have approved of me when I did anything silly, — I did not mean to write that word, but I scorn to scratch it out, — what I mean is vacillating. To conclude, I have made up my mind, and I hope you can bring yourself to agree with me.

Always your friend, JOHN PETERSON MARKOE.

Heinrich finished the letter and then tore it into fragments.

"Fool!" he muttered, stamping on the floor so that the room shook.

THE HUGUENOT IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Horace Graves.

THERE is a great difference between the New Englander and the Englishman. That difference is not simply in dress, or idiom, or accent. The peculiarities on both sides are deep-seated. They find expression in figure and countenance, and in physical and mental activity. The burly and heavy build of the typical Englishman is not in more pronounced contrast with the slender and active form of the American, than are his conservative mental operations with the alertness of his cisatlantic kinsman. There is greater flexibility to the Yankee intellect, more liberality generally, a larger hospitality toward men and ideas that he has not been accustomed to and familiar with. While the temperament is livelier and more cheerful, the physical coloring is darker and warmer. The ruddy cheek and blue eye of the Saxon are rarer among the New Englanders; brown skin and dark eyes predominate.

Lest this variance may seem fanciful and overstated, let me call attention to the observations of an author whose keen observation none will question. Hawthorne, in his "English Note-Book," sets forth in strong colors the characteristics of the Englishmen who have remained at home, and of those who are the product of two or three centuries of life on this side of the ocean. "We, in our dry atmosphere," he wrote, in 1863, "are getting nervous, haggard, dyspeptic, extenuated, unsubstantial, theoretic, and need to be made grosser. John Bull, on the other hand, has grown bulbous, long-bodied, short-legged, heavy-witted, material and, in a word, too intensely English. In a few centuries, he will be the earthiest creature that the earth ever saw."

This description surely cannot be criticised for not being candid or explicit. But when our American consul comes to treat of the British woman, he seems to have abandoned all pretence of gallantry in his desire to depict her as she is. He wrote: "I have heard a good deal of the tenacity with which the English ladies retain their personal beauty to a late period of life; but (not to suggest that an American eye needs use and cultivation before it can quite appreciate the charm of English beauty at any age) it strikes me that an English lady of fifty is apt to become a creature less refined and delicate, so far as her physique goes, than anything that we western people class under the name of woman. She has an awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive, with solid beef and streaky tallow; so that (though struggling manfully against the idea) you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks, her advance is elephantine. When she sits down it is on a great round space of her Maker's footstool, where she looks as if nothing could ever move her. Her visage is unusually grim and stern, seldom positively

forbidding, yet calmly terrible, not merely by its breadth and weight of feature, but because it seems to express so much well-founded self-reliance."

We find the grave Emerson making substantially the same report in his "English Traits."

While we hope that American women have attained to something more *spirituelle* than is possessed by the women whom Hawthorne saw on the old soil, it is interesting to notice that he attributed the diversity solely to climate. It is a serious responsibility that he places on physical surroundings; but the theory seems hitherto to have been accepted as sufficient. It is generally believed that a clearer, sunnier air has browned the race permanently, and begotten nervousness of physical and mental constitution. It is assumed that there could have been no more powerful, and indeed no other intervening cause. In support of this conclusion, it is pointed out that the New England colonists were purely and exclusively English. Palfrey contends that the population "continued to multiply for a century and a half on its own soil, in remarkable seclusion from other communities." John Fiske accepts Palfrey's statement, and cites Savage as demonstrating, after painstaking labors, that ninety-eight out of every hundred of the early settlers could trace their descent directly to an English ancestry. These authorities would leave us no alternative but to conclude that climate alone must have wrought the remarkable transformation of mind, character and body, through which have been evolved and fixed the idiosyncrasies of the New Englander.

If, however, climate has been the potent cause of these changes, why did not the modification give some evidence of its advance in the first one hundred years of colonial life? On the contrary, the portraits of the men who, in 1776, contended for our rights on the battle field and in the legislature show us veritable Englishmen. Yet, in 1863, the change had come about, and Hawthorne found the two peoples radically different.

Climate is slower in its effects than this. An Asiatic may live at the north pole for a cycle of years, and still retain his hue, his coarse black hair and coal-black eyes; not the faintest sign of bleaching betrays its approach. No one imagines that the negro would grow a shade lighter under the glare of the perennial northern whiteness, though he remained there for countless generations, provided there were no admixture of a lighter-hued race. It is equally impossible that the Yankee could have been so greatly differentiated from the Englishman in three or four generations merely from exposure to a climate but little unlike that of Great Britain.

There was some excuse for the theory of atmospheric influence before Darwin passed on that question. His demonstration has destroyed the former notions. The result of his exhaustive investigation is thus summed up: "It was formerly thought that the color of the skin and the character of the hair were determined by light or heat; and, although it can hardly be denied that some effect is thus produced, almost all observers now agree that the effect has been very small even after exposure during many ages." At another point in the "Descent of Man," the author says: "If, however, we look to the races of men, as distributed over the world, we must infer that their characteristic differences cannot be accounted for by the direct action of different conditions of life, even after an exposure to them for an enormous period of time." In the same work, Darwin repeats: "Of all the differences between the races of man, the color of the skin is the most conspicuous and one of the most marked. Differences of this kind, it was formerly thought, could be accounted for by long exposure under different climates; but Pallas first showed that this view is not tenable, and he has been followed by almost all anthropologists." That those other respects in which we have deviated from the earlier type cannot be attributed to climate any more than can the complexion, is manifest from the passage in which Darwin writes that "Mr. B. A. Gould endeavored to ascertain the nature of the influences which thus act on stature; but he arrived only at negative results, namely that they did not relate to

climate, the elevation of the land, soil, or even, 'in any controlling degree,' to the abundance or need of the comforts of life." *

Thus the great philosopher hunts down and despatches the loose theories which, before his day, satisfied hasty generalizers upon the causes of men's variations in complexion, figure and stature. That the difference of mental constitution was brought about by a breeze more or less, or a more or less plentiful sunshine, was equally fallacious and unsubstantial.

But we have not far to seek that differentiating cause, although it has so long evaded detection. Had the result of recent investigation been known to Hawthorne, he would undoubtedly have recognized the influence, for he was close upon its discovery. In commenting on the heaviness of the English, he philosophizes thus: "Heretofore, Providence has obviated such result by timely intermixture of alien races with the old English stock; so that each successive conquest of England has proved a victory by revivification and improvement of its native manhood." This change, then, or, if it be not too strong a word, this transformation, of which we have spoken, must have come from intermarriages between the early English colonists and some race of a slighter build, a less sombre disposition, a more active mentality and an intenser nature. There is no race which at once combined proximity and the other requisites of the problem, except the French; and in the French — slender, supple, sinewy, cheerful, versatile, with their clearness and quickness of mental vision — were to be found every required element. After Hawthorne's vigorous analysis of the English, it is only justice to permit Lavater to express his estimate of the French; for each author is pitiless in his examination and extremely acrid in statement. In his famous work on physiognomy, the German Swiss says: "In the temperament of nations, the French is that of the sanguine, frivolous, benevolent and ostentatious. The Frenchman forgets not his inoffensive parade till old age has made him wise. At all times disposed to enjoy life, he is the best of companions. He pardons himself much, and therefore pardons others. His gait is dancing, his speech without accent, and his ear incurable. Wit is his inheritance. His countenance is open and at first sight speaks a thousand pleasant, amiable things. His eloquence is often deafening; but his good humor casts a veil over his failings. He is all appearance, all gesture."

This picture is drawn by the physiognomist, who avowedly judges by what is on the surface; yet the qualities enumerated are not objectionable, but rather desirable when the end in view happens to be the amelioration of the sombre grimness of the English Puritan. Matthew Arnold, moreover, in his graceful essay on Eugénie de Guérin, has convinced us that there is another element in France, not frothy, but sincere and devout, without which the nation could never have existed all these centuries. It was the Frenchman of that class who produced the effect we are talking of. How effectually it was accomplished is plain to every American who visits the parent isle. It remains to indicate when and where there was a sufficient intermingling of Frenchmen with the English colonists to bring about such results.

To one who is in any degree familiar with the story of our national growth, it is unnecessary to mention the Huguenot immigration as the movement through which the transformation in the aspect and nature of the English was brought about. The extent of that movement has not been appreciated, because the French refugees came to New England from motives so much like those which brought the early settlers, that these strangers did not, on arriving, exhibit the strong contrast with their English predecessors which appeared on the entry of the French exiles into other parts of our country. The Huguenots and the Puritans had both suffered bitter persecution. They had faced death from devotion to the same religious principles. Moreover, they were not strangers to one another; for when the little congregation from Scrooby sought refuge in Holland, they found Leyden full of Frenchmen who had fled from their native country. For a

* "Descent of Man," Part I., chap. iv., p. 110.

time both bodies of people were allowed to worship in the same edifice, and both were eagerly waiting the opportunity to put the ocean between themselves and their enemies. Yet, however great the similarity in the relations of each party to its old home, there was one particular in which they differed radically. The English were fearful, above all things, lest they should lose their "English name and English tongue;" but the Frenchmen were remarkably indifferent to their native speech, and were ready, as soon as possible, to translate their names into equivalent Dutch or English, according to the predominant population of the community in which they happened to be.

The English were enabled to be the first to depart to the longed-for haven of rest; and some of the Frenchmen, impatient to get away, threw in their lot with those who have since been known as the Pilgrim Fathers. The Huguenots assimilated with their fellow voyagers so unobtrusively that we have almost lost sight of the fact that even the Plymouth colony was not of pure and unmixed descent. She whose name the poet has culled from those early annals to adorn his verse, the maiden Priscilla, is discovered to be a Huguenot. The patronymic Mullins would suggest a Hibernian Frenchman; but that is the fault of the bungling tongue of the farmers from Nottingham and York. Her father was William Molines. It has always been a source of wonder that an English girl could have had the ready wit to give John Alden "the tip" that released him from his ambiguous wooing and herself from the domination of the fierce little captain. How blind we were to the Gallic coquetry with which she held on to Miles till she secured John! She was a worthy progenitor of the Yankee girl in her ability to take care of herself. We must blot out, then, from the historic portrait the blue eyes and rosy cheeks of the English maiden whom our fancy has called up whenever we have thought of Priscilla; and we must paint in a slender, graceful, black-haired brunette, with brown-black velvet eyes and long sweeping lashes, from under which were shot such glances as melted the hearts of all the colony; and we must adorn the Puritan garb with some dainty ribbon. Like the Dutch tulips which she planted amid the hollyhocks and lilacs, she blooms and flashes in the garden of history, the more fortunate sister of Evangeline.

What rich reward may we not expect from researches in this field, when right at the heart of the first effort to settle New England is this revelation of the stealthy introduction of the Huguenot to the hearthstone and into the very hearts of our ancestors! After that, it cannot astonish us to learn that several of the eminent men of our early history were in some degree of Huguenot descent. We have always known that the mother of Alexander Hamilton was a Huguenot. Perhaps we might have guessed as much from his character, since there appears in him all the brilliancy of that nationality, with the wonderful gift of crystal clearness of thought and expression. Heredity, too, many excuse some of his faults. Associated with Hamilton in establishing the foundation of our national finances was Albert Gallatin, whose name betrays a Huguenot extraction. There, too, is the illustrious record of John Jay and his descendants, whose ancestor, Pierre Jay, fled from La Rochelle to America. And there are the Bayards, who have exhibited in our country the qualities which made the chevalier in his time the subject of generous eulogy.

New England would spurn any summary of her history which omitted to mention Faneuil Hall. The Faneuils were from La Rochelle; and André Faneuil of Boston adopted Peter Faneuil, the son of his brother Benjamin, who had settled in New York. The family became eminent as merchants almost as soon as the hand of persecution was stayed from harrying them. The thrift of the Protestant French is proverbial. It found speedy expression in commerce and in devising new subjects of manufacture and exportation. As they were the founders of many British industries when they settled in England, so they were most efficient in developing the resources of the new country.* But they were never

* Baird's "Emigration of the Huguenots to America," Vol. II., p. 201.

so engrossed in trade that they allowed their passion for civil and religious liberty to expire or even smoulder. It was a Huguenot, Paul Revere, who was the trusted messenger of the Boston patriots on the night before the conflict at Lexington.

The race of the Huguenot has blossomed into genius in unexpected places, and this not in the past only, for a recent president of the United States, one of the most gifted, — Garfield, — was a son of the Huguenots; his mother was a Ballou, a name which has been made illustrious by Hosea and Maturin. Our latest literature has been adorned by the productions of Thoreau, Lanier, Tourgée and Janvier, all of them descendants of Protestant French refugees. In fact, almost the first notes of song in this country came from a Huguenot, — Freneau.

When one bethinks himself of the mark which has been made by men of this extraction, the conviction is inevitable, either that this line of descent is singularly and richly endowed, or that the Huguenots were vastly more numerous and have contributed more extensively to the constitution of the American people than is generally suspected.

Although that claim might be readily admitted in respect to other parts of our country, there would be some hesitation in conceding as much for New England. Yet Palfrey is more than conservative when he states, in his History of New England, that at least one hundred and fifty Huguenot families came to Massachusetts after the revocation of the edict of Fontainebleau in 1685. He makes no account of those who were already here, nor of those who did not come directly from France, nor of those who kept coming in small parties from time to time, even down to 1776. Nor does he take account of the number who have names that seem to be English or Dutch, but which are French translated, as in the case of some of the Duboises, living in Leyden, who allowed themselves to be called Van den Bosch, and came to America under the Dutch version of their patronymic. Gerneau, in English mouths, became Gano, and those who bore the name, tiring of correcting habitual mispronunciation, at last consented to speak and write their name in the corrupted form. Thus Erouard became Heroy, Bouquet is now spelled Bockée, Tissau became Tishew, Fleurri is anglicized into Florence, Olivier has been confused with the English Oliver, and Burpo was originally Bonrepos. Nor was the assent to this distortion due to ignorance on the part of the Frenchmen; for Bonrepos was a learned pastor of the Huguenot church in Boston, and the refugees were generally of the higher and cultivated classes of their native land.*

Very early in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the merchants of France became familiar with the seaports of the New England coast,† and readily fled to Salem and Boston when the time of peril came. These emigrants, as has been intimated, sometimes found shelter in neighboring countries before coming to America. The Channel Islands, Jersey and Guernsey, were so filled with Protestant exiles, that they utterly destroyed the position which the Catholics had obtained. As many as fifty ministers of the reformed faith went to Jersey,‡ whose area is less than that of Staten Island; while migration to England and Switzerland was in large bodies. After a short stay in the countries and islands near to France, they abandoned all hope of restoration to their native land, and began to find their way in larger or smaller groups to the wilds of America.

When the Cabots, the Lefavours, the Beadles, the Valpys and Philip English had established themselves in Salem, they began to bring over their fellow countrymen.§ English, whose real name was L'Anglois, became the owner of a large number of ships and a great deal of other property. He kept his accounts in French, and corresponded in that language with his relatives in Jersey. For a long series of years he was in the habit of importing young men to be apprenticed as sailors, and young girls to be employed as domestic servants. They were all of

* Baird's "Emigration to America," Vol. I., p. 181; Vol. II., p. 233.

† Baird's "Huguenot Emigration to America," Vol. II., p. 191.

‡ "Cæsarea" by Philip Faille.

§ "Proceedings of the Essex Institute," Vol. II., pp. 117, 143, 157 and 181.

Huguenot ancestry; and their descendants to-day disclose their French origin in their personal appearance. Between the Connecticut River and Massachusetts Bay, young men of that line of ancestry are by no means rare, with large brown eyes, black hair and slender, graceful figures, which proclaim them Frenchmen in everything except speech; and yet their forefathers have been inhabitants of eastern Massachusetts ever since the beginning of the seventeenth century. In a little seaport near Salem there are to be found to-day at least fifty family names which are distinctly French; yet those who bear them have never suspected that they were of other than English descent.

One instance will illustrate how the French were absorbed into the families of the English colonists, and came to bear English names. In a newspaper published in Boston on the nineteenth day of February, 1736, appeared the following obituary notice: "On the first instant, departed this life, at Providence, Mr. Gabriel Bernon, in the 92nd year of his age. He was a gentleman by birth and estate, born in Rochelle, in France; and about fifty years ago he left his native country, and the greatest part of his estate, and, for the cause of true religion, fled into New England, where he has ever since continued, and behaved himself as a zealous Protestant professor. He was courteous, honest and kind, and died in great faith and hope in his Redeemer, and assurance of Salvation; and has left a good name among his acquaintances. He evidenced the power of Christianity in his great sufferings, by leaving his country and his great estate, that he might worship God according to his conscience. He has left three daughters which he had by his first wife (a French gentlewoman), one of which is the virtuous wife of the Hon. William Coddington, Esq.; three daughters and a son by a gentlewoman of New England, who behaved to him as a virtuous woman and gave singular proof of a good wife ever till his death."

Those six girls undoubtedly married,—for old maids were not popular in "old colony times;" and though the family name was lost, the genius of the Huguenots was just as certainly transmitted to succeeding generations.

How extended may have been this influence flowing into our national life may be inferred from the fact that of the twenty-five thousand or more English who were to be found in New England toward the middle or latter part of the seventeenth century, the descendants are reckoned by Mr. Fiske at fifteen millions.* To these few thousands of English, the Huguenots, as admitted by Palfrey, made an accession of one hundred and fifty families, — which means nearly a thousand persons, as families went then; but after this first flood had spent its strength, nearly every ship from London, according to Baird, for many years brought additions to those who had come in the mass.† The exodus from France continued, from 1666, for full fifty years; and within that time at least a million Frenchmen were expatriated, and those the flower of the nation.‡ Many at first sought shelter in Holland; great numbers in every conceivable craft reached the shores of England, barely escaping starvation and shipwreck; § and, as we have seen, the neighboring islands of the English Channel were crowded with them. It is not possible that less than four or five thousand came to dwell in New England.

Even if the numbers were smaller than is probable, we can heartily concur in Mr. Fiske's opinion "of the population of France driven away and added to the Protestant population of northern Germany and England and America. The gain to these countries and the damage to France," he says, "was far greater than the mere figures would imply; for in determining the character of a community, a hundred selected men and women are far more potent than a thousand men and women taken at random."‖

That gain for New England is distinctly revealed in the development of Yankee enterprise along those very lines in which it was started by French *emigrées*. But these were also present in the requisite

* Fiske's "Beginnings of New England," p. 170.
† Baird's "The Huguenot Emigration to America," Vol. II., pp. 193, 196.
‡ Encyclopædia Britannica, Art. "Huguenots."
§ Baird's "Huguenot Emigration to America," Vol. II., p. 188.
‖ Fiske's "Beginnings of New England," p. 161.

numbers; and when the eye is once trained and the ear attuned to detect the names which indicate Huguenot ancestry, it is astonishing how frequently they reveal themselves. If New Englanders are closely questioned concerning their genealogy, there are very few who do not confess to some trace of French blood, though it be slight. This is peculiarly true of the eastern half of Massachusetts. In the northern parts of Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, the blond complexion and unusual stature of the English still prevail. Yet that fact affects our position very little; for it was eastern Massachusetts that was held in view by Hawthorne and the other American authors who have been referred to. After all, is it not Boston and its surroundings that largely give character to New England? Many of the inhabitants of the three northern states appear to be the unchanged Englishmen, as Motley describes them in the report of the Dutch Ambassador who saw the England of Elizabeth's time. The English of that period certainly had the head tones and the Yankee twang which mark rural New England speech even to this day.

When the Huguenots contributed their genial presence to our population, it was like the influx of a gladdening river into a thirsty land, carrying joy wherever it goes. At first, like all foreigners, they were reserved, and marriages were confined to their own nationality; but there is no instrumentality like our public schools for breaking down national or race prejudices, — and the second or third generation found alliances that made Americans of them all. How rapidly nationalities merge in this country is seen in a case that is not imaginary, of a young man whose father was a Frenchman and whose mother was an American of English descent. His wife's mother is an Irishwoman, and her father a German. Thus that marriage rolled four nationalities into one within two generations. But between the Huguenot and the Puritan there was no stream to bridge over. They had in their common Calvinism and love of freedom a bond of sympathy and union that brought them into harmony as soon as their tongues had learned to speak a common language.

It is evident that the absorption of the Huguenots would occur more rapidly and effectually after than before the Revolutionary war, and would manifest itself unmistakably during the first half of the nineteenth century, the time when the contrast between the New Englander and the Old Englander made so strong an impression on Hawthorne and Emerson. The result is so noteworthy that it is marvellous that we did not long ago recognize the method of the brewing of that race of men and the material which entered into it. There is a substance known to chemistry as diastase, which is an active element in the germination of every seed, and which, on being sprinkled, never so sparingly, over a great mass of the brewer's cloudy, pasty "mash," clears it instantly and leaves it a sweet, pure, transparent liquid. Such an office might the introduction of the Huguenot into New England seem to have performed, in dissipating the heaviness and dogged prejudice of our insular kinsmen.

A POINT OF CONTACT.

By Annie Rothwell.

THE ward was very quiet when the night-nurse went on duty. Through the three long windows the breeze came cool and soft from the lake across the intervening gardens; and over the sleeping waters stretched a shining track of light from the lately risen moon, looking to weary eyes like a path to that heaven for which yet more weary souls grew sick with yearning. In the fourteen white pallets there had been no change since the morning, save that in one cot in a screened recess by the window, which had then been vacant, there was now an occupant; a dark head lay on the pillow, and a large and strong but now nerveless hand moved restlessly to and fro over the snowy spread.

"There's one new case," the day-nurse had said as she surrendered her charge; "but he's not likely to trouble you much. He should by rights have been in the accident ward; but number eight there is very violent to-night; and as this man's only chance, if he has a chance at all, is quiet, they have put him here. It's doubtful if he lives till morning; but if not, the doctor says he'll probably sleep away. There's not much to do for him if he lives; and if he dies, and you want help, you're to call on Rose Gray, the probationer in the next ward."

"What is it? who is he?" had whispered the on-coming nurse. She was out of her probation, had suffered much and seen much suffering, but she had not yet learned callousness in view of approaching death.

"Shot-wound," the other had returned. "He's got no friends here. He's a lumberman down from the shanties on a spree. There was a drunken row in some tavern down by the wharves, and somebody's revolver came a little too handy. He's struck in the lung, and the ball's in yet, but they can't look for it till daylight — maybe there'll be no need to look for it then. What brutes they are, those men in the shanties!" she ended, with a little shudder, half levity and half simulated horror.

The smooth forehead of the night-nurse contracted in a frown, and a quiver stirred her lip. "Good night" was all she said as she turned away.

The lights were low, and the room was silent and cool. The nurse went the round of her charges, mostly quiet now in that first repose which early darkness brings after a day of pain. She had as yet no essential duties to perform; but she gave drink to one, smoothed the pillow of another, and laid a gentle hand on the aching head of a third. Then she studied the orders in the book that lay under the shaded drop-light on the table, where the added item read thus: —

"Number eleven. Wound not to be touched. Medicine every second hour. Stimulant if needful."

She sighed as she recognized the hopeless meaning of the entry, and at last approached the bed where number eleven lay. He was not attractive to look on. His head was swathed in a wet bandage, and on his face the ghastly pallor of mortality struggled with the brown scorch of sun and wind. The face itself was of a low type, with scanty brow, and a mouth of coarse outline, which a rough growth of beard but half concealed. Toil and exposure, privation and dissipation had set their stamp upon him. He did not look like one to whom virtue had been a necessity, or high thought as daily bread.

Perhaps the nurse was given to reflection. Perhaps her occupation had softened her heart. She stood long looking thoughtfully down, in the dim light, on the helpless form before her. Where were now the strength and the subtlety bespoken by the massive, powerful frame